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Rüdesheim

Operetta

Gisela Conrad
The Count
Chorus of Retainers & Villagers

Scene: in front of the Castle

Quartette

All hail! To thee, lyselle adored,
our bridal gifts we bring;
To thee and thy heart's chosen lord
In joyous strains we sing
Oh, wake, dear maid, to life and love,
From dreams of bliss arise!
The sun but waits to shine above,
Fill welcomed by ~~thy eyes~~ thine eyes.

And in thine awaking
May Music's sweet sound
Thy Rest gently breaking
Come echoing round.
Awake, Awake

(Enter Conrad & Gisela from the Castle with attendants. garden is supposed to be filled with peasants)

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Conrad

Thanks for ~~the~~ your fair young Countess here my friends
And for myself – This happy day will make us one,
And much I trust our union will be fraught
With happy future to you all!

Gisela

Your cheerful strains
Have welcomed in my coming days with omen fair
Most grateful am I that you thus attend,
In merry groups to share the happiness
Which should be mine this day!

Chorus

With bridal smiles on every face,
And songs in every mouth,
Toil distracting Mirth shall chase
The sun towards the south
When Love, sweet Love, keeps holiday,
Let Wisdom hide her head!
The sparkling cup we'll fill to day,
To night the dances thread.

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Gisela

When timid hope and bashful fear
In maiden's heart oppress
Tis sweet to see on faces dear
The smiles of happiness

As catch the hills the varying hues
That paint the morning sky,
So on my doubting soul diffuse
Your joys responsive joy.

Chorus

With bridal smiles &c

Gisela

No fathers care my steps will guide,
No mothers hand carest,
And memories sad my heart divide
With thoughts of happiness!
Forgive, forgive, the rising tear
That seems to doubt thy love;
To sorrows past, with Conrad near,
No more my fancies rove.

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Chorus

With bridal smiles &c

Conrad

Since first thy father took the Holy Cross
The changing years have come and passed away
With tidings none, save murmurs few and strange
Which faintly came at first and long ago:
But still the hope remains that he may come
Once more to bless his children. Nor my bride
Be quite the Orphan that she seems to be!

Gisela

Hope long deferred! But he will come, I know!
The gentle Rhine oft murmurs to my ear
Soft words of comfort, and the whispering breeze
Sighing among the rocks with pitying moan.
Beloved echoes! Dearer to my heart
Than every voice save thine

longer pieces?

Gisela

Ah see how fair a scene is laid
Of sunlit hill and purple glade

Before our vision here!
Dear is each feature to my breast
But if at times I love them best
It is when thou art near.
For thou hast made my native home so dear
Thy presence seems to linger all around
I see thee mirrored in each streamlet clear
And catch thy voice in every echoing sound

Conrad & Gisela

No longer lonely helpless thou
Hast / Art } father brother husband now
To be for ever { thine / mine }.
Love shall our flowry path make bright
And fill each moment with delight
Till we our lives resign

Conrad

No wish for change shall tempt me from thy side;
The blaze of war mine eyes unheeding see
Content upon our peaceful heath abide
And all my soul be given to love and thee

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Conrad & Gisela

No longer lonely helpless &c

Messenger

O Lady from the east a pilgrim band
Draws near: and at their head thy father comes!

Gisela

My father! O delight delight overpowering!
With joy my bosom throbs!
Where is he say? O take me to his arms
that I may cee tis he!

Chorus

Tell us where is Rüdesheim?

(Mens voices)

That toil worn band few, few can show
of those that left us long ago,
When "onward" was the warriors cry
Sworn to conquer or to die.
From far and near our people run
Some ~~seek~~ a husband some a son
And wildly struggling hopes and fears
Break into smiles or sink in tears

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Yet they who weep still hear with pride
How for the Cross their warriors died,
And sadly share the joy that rolls
Tumultuous o'er our wondring souls.

Chorus

Glad welcome to our noble chief
Heavens hand is shown beyond belief

Chorus

Rejoice ye men of Rüdesheim
Time has redeemed our loss.
Ring out the bells in merrier chime
For him who bore the Cross.

Thrice happy is the wedding day
Which has our Chief restored
~~brings home from abroad~~
Such Gifts & ~~restores~~ a father to his child
To us our noble lord

Glad welcome to our wondrous Knight
Heav'ns blessing on the virtuous light

Enter Count (Aside) If so, if Heav'n has blessed, what then;
Some other power has curs'd!
Gisela! dearest child at last behold me!

Gisela

Heaven ~~to~~ is good! 'Tis thou indeed!
My father! ~~Oh thou great thou wonderous man~~
Once more I lean upon ~~thy aged heart~~ my father's heart
And know that I am lov'd – Kneel Conrad kneel!
And claim a father's blessing on his son
But what! – thou trembleat! – Say, Oh say, what ~~ails~~ moves thee?

Count

Alas – alas my child – my only child
Seek not caresses at thy fathers hand
Gisela! o my child – I can no more.

Conrad

Oh, wherefore hide thy face between thy hands,
And spurn from thee ~~thy~~ child, my promised Bride
Yet I will comfort thee thou dearest maid
One heart at least is ~~true~~!

Count

Nay touch her not!
But hear and curse the day when I was born!
Thine is she not, thine can she never be!

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The Count

When the Cross and the Crescent were mingled in fray
And the deadly Sirocco our armies passed o'er,
Despair never chilled me, I lived for the day
That my far distant home and my child should restore.
But my hour came – I sank neath an Infidel hand,
And my heart's blood gushed forth on the dry cruel sand.
"Farewell" as I laid mid the dying, "Giselle"
I sighed" and O home of my fathers, farewell!"

With my sword at my side on the death trampled ground,
And thy name on my lips, I swooned where I lay,
But by Providence guided an old hermit found
And bore me scarce living and senseless away –
O long was the struggle Death's battle with life
But by pious hands tended I rose from the strife.
"To God give the glory" thus on my ears fell,
The old hermits words as he bade me farewell.

"To God give the glory and grant to his praise,
"What is dearest and best to thy heart and thine eyes!"
Then on Rüdesheim's summit a cloister to raise
I vowed, should I e'er see my own native skies.
As I sank in Death's sleep what my latest thoughts filled
What was dearest and best? – Heaven whispered my child!
My vow at the tomb of our Saviour was given
Giselle is betrothed to the service of Heaven.

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Chorus

Giselle is betrothed to the service of heaven!
O endless, endless woe!

Giselle

O mercy, cruel father, mercy show!

Conrad

Mine is Gisela! never from these arms,
Shall she be torn calm, dearest these alarms.

Giselle

O mercy father mercy I implore!

Count

My children – wretched lovers ask no more.

Conrad

(For thee) one faithful heart still beats,
~~Fear not~~ For thee my own Giselle
This (circling) arm shall shelter thee
Then fear no convent cell.

Ah, do not look around thee, love,
There will no pity take
Due sword alone for thee is drawn
Due heart will never forsake

Gisele

Alas I am forsaken now
No friendly form I see
I look around for pitying glance
But no one weeps for me

O say no more my heart will break,
Will break with bitter grief,
O let me quit this dreary life
And dying find relief.
In pity father slay thy child
O Conrad slay thy bride
And think that tho' I could not live
For thee at least I died

Count

Wring not my aching heart with prayers
Which can but impious be
Pray him that all his suffering bears
Find grace for thee and me.

Heaven's voice not mine speaks this decree
Vain are the hopes of man
Sorrow was doomed his lot to be
Since first the world began.

Chorus

Hapless maid (too young) too fair
To share a cloister's gloom
Can (the just) Heaven for thee intend
So merciless a doom

O Rüdesheim compassion take
Act not so harsh a part
Thou canst not force her from her love
Though thou may'st break her heart

Count

Conrad away! Asunder you are riven -
Heedless man unhand the bride of Heaven
Gisela henceforth to the world is dead
Or Heaven's just curse will light upon his head

Chorus

O day of horrors - He has cursed his child!
Have mercy heaven upon his accents wild!

Gisela

Is there no hope! then all my life is gone
Oh take me death - forsaken and alone
Entomed — Bewept

Conrad

O hold Gisela hold
Thou shalt not say that I am heartless-cold
Ah, see it is my arm supports thee now
Upon my shoulder ~~rests thy~~ aching brow
(Come man, come priest, with sword and lifted cross)
They shall not bear thee hence!

Count

Blasphemer bow low to the will of heaven

Conrad

Never!

Count

Part them!

Chorus

O mercy on them Rüdesheim have mercy!
O Rüdesheim can, wrong take &c.

Chorus ~~(of guards)~~

Renounce her Conrad!

Conrad

Mine is she in the sight of Heaven and man!

(She is torn from him)

Conrad

Gisèlle my life! my love!

Gisela

Conrad farewell

Count

O unfeeling father what avails the life
thus gained!

End of Part (I)

Part II

Scene: The rock of Rüdesheim. The sun rising over it.

Conrad

No rest! no rest! The weary hours of night,
I've wandered through the darkness over the heights
Seeking for rest and finding but despair
Despair for me, despair for her! O woe!
To see her torn from life, from love, from me
To drop and wither in a living tomb!
Helpless to soothe and impotent to save!

How sweetly o'er this world of sleep
The breaking dawn casts rosy rays!
So yesterdayes there seemed to sweep
A sunshine o'er my coming days

Impatient then I did but blame
The hours that hung on leaden wing
Too quick they came and only came
Destruction to my hopes to bring

One passing pang awaits my soul
When fatal moment, now too near
The gates that never backwards roll,
Will close for ever on my dear.

Shine not thou mocking sun!
Get from mine eyes!
Tempest and storm wind
Break from the skies!
Let the rage of my spirit find echo on high
Let lightnings bring ruin
To plenty and peace,
And torrents destroy
The years fruitful increase
And all shall be wretched as I!

Hence must I hasten
Ere reason forsake me
And bridegroom of Sorrow
Madness overtake me
But oh, can I leave thee my soul my Giselle!
Cannot be for ever
That impious vow!
And cannot be the cloister
That waits for thee now!
Once more I shall see thee and then love farewell!

Giselle

Enter Giselle followed by the Count & attendants

Hail peaceful morn so beautiful and bright,
That rises for my bridal day, to chase

The gloomy visions of the night away.
Fear fell upon my spirit all the night,
And as they put my bridal robes upon me
My maidens wept. Weep not my father! Night
So gone let us be gay! Where does my love
Stay from his Bride?

Chorus

~~Wild words distraught Wild vacant look~~
How rash each word how scared ~~the~~ a look
Floats o'er her features wild
Heavin from her eyes her grief has hid
Which else would kill its child

Be warned thou Father deaf to prayers
Thy sentence rash recall,
Give back the maid to life and love
Ere judgments worse befall.

Count

Have mercy Heaven upon my wretched child
And pour on me ~~thy~~ vengeance, if by me
~~Thy wrath has been incurred. Spirit Conrad speak,~~
And strive ~~to~~ woo her spirit from ~~the~~ realm
Which borders madness!

Conrad

O mournful task ~~to~~ which to nerve my soul
My heart is breaking but must hide
~~Its~~ anguish from her gaze. Giselle! Giselle
Smile on ~~thy~~ Conrad, with thine own sweet smile!

Conrad

Our wedding Bells are silent love
No wedding guests are at my side
The wish'd for day will but remove
Thy Conrad from his Bride.
A little while must part we still
A little while Fate have her will.
But soon we meet again
When Heaven has smoothed the griefs that fill
This life with weary pain.

Gisela

How sweetly sin my troubled senses steal!
Those soothing accents which I love so well:
But sadly sweet they fall so sadly sweet
My heart is chilled with fear!

Must part! O Heaven! Wilt thou forlorn
Deserted, helpless, let me be?
Stay Conrad stay! When thou art gone
Ah what is left for me?
Must part! perchance for ever part
Across me nameless terrors dart
And breathe my spirit o'er
Away false joys! Break, break thy heart
For ever evermore!

Conrad

No nay my love I shall not die
Awhile shall we divided be
Calm calm thy fears! Time quick will fly
And bring me back to thee

Together

Gisela

No not alone my love shall die
No more shall we divided be
And if he come when thou art nigh
Death will be dear to me.

Chorus

O hear us Saints in Heaven
Our grief more bitter grows
The maidens heart distracted
With soothing power compose.

Gisela

Weep not, weep not my dearest
Be calm and glad as I
'Tis but for me thou fearest
And I fear not to die

Conrad

What Wrath is this my trying
Her senses back to steal
That may to fancy flying
Find rest from sorrows real

Chorus (of Priests)

Vain are all pleasures
Found here below

Chorus (of people)

Hear us Saints in Heaven

Chorus (of Priests)

Ours be the treasures.
Heav'n can bestow.

Chorus

Hear us Saints in heaven

Gioeia

Hark mid the funeral dirge that sounds so drear
I hear sweet voices calling from above
To bid me come from earth to Heaven away
I come! I come!

(She mounts the rock)

Chorus

Oh whither runs the nun in frenzied haste?

Count

The rocks, the rock! O hasten all to guide
Her steps uncertain from those treacherous heights!

Chorus

See where she flies and mounts the giddy crag
That hangs above the Rhine! Hold Conrad, hold!
To follow will but greater make her risk
Call her but follow not!

Conrad

Giselle! Giselle! come back! leave me not thus!

Gisela

I come!
Dear love I'm hast'ning to thy arms
Ah blame me not for staying
Thou wert unkind to go before
My trust in thee betraying!

Chorus

Giselle dear lady heed our cry
All stricken down in terror
Look back and cast away this cloud
Of vain delusive error

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Conrad

Come back my love where I am still
This is my voice thou hearest
Let be these dreams that vex thy soul
Come back to me my dearest!

Chorus

Thy father pale, thy lover see
Wild prayers to thee outpouring
Come down Gisela, and no more
Be deaf to our imploring

Gisela

Ah yes I hear thee; Conrad, love, I come

Sleep of sleeps the sweetest, gentle death;
Ah still my troubled senses with thy breath
Take youth and strength for all that I do crave
To sweet oblivion — The silent grave!

Alas, for pity, calm each sad desire
And soothe each aching sense till I expire
Into my heart softly, O softly slide
And into dreamless slumber let me glide

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Chorus (of Spirits)

Come thou child of grief and care
Bring to us thy virtues rare
We have watched and loved our child
With thee we have wept or smiled
Lay thine earthly woes aside
Come where rest and peace abide.

Gisela

O Conrad, love, I come!

(Throws herself from the rock)

Chorus

O horror! horror! she is lost!

Count

Lost – dead – my daughter dead! can this be true
My brain is stunned – Say is my daughter dead?

Chorus

She is lost, thy child is dead.

Conrad

Ay cruel father – in thy work rejoice

Close up

Completed now –

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